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The story of Padahavelulua is a highly significant tale of the deserted child triumphant. It is an unusually fine fantasy of child training and revenge for it. The story as here given is a brief abstract of a much longer tale, and for the sake of brevity the hero's name is shortened to Pada. 539

Pada was playing with another child whom he hit so that it cried. Pada's parents came, asked who had struck the child. The other children said, "Pada." So his parents slapped him and took him home. He slipped out and went back to play with the children. (This episode is repeated three times.)

Then his mother gave him a water tube with a hole in the bottom and told him to fetch water down in the ravine. While he waited for the tube to fill he wandered up and down the stream catching lizards and eating their legs and tails. The fourth time he went back to the tube, only to find it still unfilled, he said, "What kind of water is this that I am fetching?" A bird spoke and said, "Ru, ru. Your mother made a hole in the tube." Pada refused to believe it and replied, "Oh, no! She is at home cooking millet for me." Later the bird warned him that his parents were collecting their valuables and planning to leave. Again Pada berated the bird and refused to believe it.

This continued until finally, as the parents and the grandmother were leaving the village, Pada discovered for himself that the water tube had a hole in it and that he had been deceived. When he reached the village, he called after his parents, "Mother! Father! Wait for me." His grandmother looked back and urged him to follow, but his parents said, "We were all gathered in one village, but you were very bad, so you can't live with us."

When they reached the sea, his parents went on walking across the water, but his grandmother was sorry for him and waited at the shore. She dug a pit in the sand for him to sleep in, and while he was asleep, she followed his mother and father. Pada awoke and looked; his mother and father were already near the island of Hamintuku and his grandmother was halfway there. He cried hard, saying, "Grandmother, mother, father, I am good now." His grandmother called telling him to return to the village. He went back crying; he cried all the way from the coast to the village. He had no loincloth and walked naked.

In the village a rooster told Pada where his grandmother had hidden rice, fire, pots, and other supplies for him, so that he was able to plant a garden and cook for himself.

Pada grew up, but he was still naked so he was ashamed and hid in the house most of the time. One day two girls and their father were

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539 passing by, and the father sent the girls up into the house to borrow fire. Pada refused at first to let the girls come in, but they insisted. When they returned, they said the young man was naked but that his face resembled their father's. So the father gave Pada a loincloth and then insisted that he marry the two daughters.

Again the rooster told Pada where his grandmother had hidden mokos, so that he was able to pay a bride-price. Next Pada wished to build his lineage house. When he gave the feast for thatching the house, his father, mother, and grandmother came. As they left he presented each with a bamboo tube of blood sausage and a basket of rice. However, when the three stopped to eat on their way home, the mother and father on splitting open their tubes found them filled with feces and discovered that their baskets of rice held only hulls. The grandmother, however, had been given good food.

In this story a child is both deceived and deserted as a disciplinary measure. Even the kindly grandmother is unable to give him more than partial succor, and she, too, deserts him through trickery on the beach. Finally the father-in-law gives him the gift of wives, for which of course he must pay. The climax of the story is the child's revenge upon his parents and his better treatment of the kindlier grandmother.

154 539 This tale can be considered a projection of the inconsistency of discipline and consequently the reluctance to accept the results of behavior. Because of the revenge motif it fails quite obviously to point the [861] moral intended when it is told to children as a disciplinary measure. It is almost as if a fantasy compensating for childhood difficulties outweighed the adult responsibility for discipline.

865 There are many other minor devices used to frighten small children, especially to make them stop crying, since during early childhood crying is one of the major problems confronting parents. One such device is a small crude doll representing a warrior with drawn bow. It may be hung under the eaves of a house and whenever a child cries excessively, its mother or grandmother threatens it by saying, "The killer on the verandah will shoot you."

This account would be unduly biased if I gave the impression that only frightening and punishing are used to stop children's crying. The autobiographies provide instances in which crying children are consoled with small gifts, usually food. I have seen a thirteen-year-old boy give a rat to an unrelated child of two to stop its crying after I had taken a toy doll from it. The point to be made once more is not that 861 children are treated with consistent harshness, but rather that either harshness or indulgence may be used in an attempt to quiet them, with

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The meat at feasts is always
distributed to the women but only in terms of the males in their household. That is, women get meat for their husbands and sons but not for themselves or their daughters. This is consistent with the theory that flesh food is the property of men. Since feasts are primarily occasions for food distribution and actual consumption is at home, women do get a share, but only as dependents of the men. Also, since meat is eaten primarily in connection with feasts or sacrifices and is definitely a treat, the way is open for it to become set in children's minds as a symbol of masculine prerogative. The system of meat distribution helps to reinforce early in life, and on a very basic level, the role of masculine prestige in the culture. Men are not the providers; in fact, they are quite the contrary. They are the ones provided for, but they are also the purveyors of a delicacy.

The girl, then, is set during early childhood in the essential and intimate relationship to the food cycle that she will follow all her life. Yet no girl who is unmarried may make a contribution in her own name to food displays, even though she may have grown and prepared some of the food that is brought in her mother's name. This means that she may be assuming adult responsibilities without receiving adult recognition. It is worth noting in this connection that public food contributions are the symbol of female adulthood.

The following condensed version of an Alorese tale illustrates nicely the role of the sexes, and especially of the mother-son relationship, in the matter of food. Here the young men appear demanding and vengeful, while the woman vacillates between being a gratifying and a frustrating figure.

Story of the Wasteful Sons

Two brothers went to work in their garden and their mother cooked food for them to take along. When they came home they said, "Our friends have finished the food. It would be nice to cook more." So the mother cooked more food and took it to them in the garden. Part of the food they ate, part they spilled. [The meaning is that in carrying the food to their mouths with a coconut-shell spoon they were careless and let a portion fall to the ground.] In the evening they again asked their mother to cook food for them to take to the fields. They took the food and again ate part and spilled part. Then they ran home to their mother, saying, "Mother, we are sick; therefore cook us millet." The mother put the feces of their youngest brother in the pot of millet she cooked for them.

When the brothers entered the house, they smelled feces and refused

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to eat. They said, "Mother, it smells of feces." She answered, "Then go to the privy to eat." They went to the privy but still smelled feces. When they returned to the center of the house, they still smelled them. Then they saw that feces were mixed with the millet and refused to eat. 539

The mother said to the youngest son, "Take this food and eat it." Thereupon he demanded of his mother all his adult male regalia [sword, bow, arrows, shields, plumes, and the like, the dialogue concerning which forms the bulk of the story]. When he was fully accoutered, he ran from the house, saying, "My mother cooked millet and feces for me to eat." He ran off toward the sea. His mother wept and followed him, saying, "It would be nice if you returned, my child." But he refused, reproaching her once more with her deed.

On the beach he deloused his mother and she fell asleep during the process. He then went out to the reef and summoned sea spirits to wake his mother with a wave. When the wave nudged his mother awake she pled once more for her son's return. Again he refused, repeating the story of her ill treatment.

As the son began his ascent from the sea to the sky [to become the morning star] he instructed his mother to prepare the cornfields of his brothers and to weed for them. His mother made one more attempt to bring him back by shoving a pole out to him on the reef, but it did not reach him.

PLAY, PRIVILEGE, AND RESPONSIBILITY

Aside from the described differences in relation to food, no sharp distinctions are made in bringing up boys and girls, and there is no formal segregation. Children play a great deal. Girls emphasize food-gathering activities and cooking; boys emphasize hunting. It is noteworthy that the children have many games and toys, some of which are very ingenious—for example, a pressure squirt gun that is fashioned of bamboo. 857

The children's aptitude in games stands in contrast to that of adults, who play no games at all and whose recreation is confined to dances, ceremonial gatherings, and, for men, gong beating. I made no exhaustive survey of children's games and toys, but of a casual list of twenty-one items all but two were used by both sexes. The exceptions were cat's cradle, which was a girl's game, and wooden tops, which were for boys.* [524] [535] [524]

This list excludes the games imitating adult activities, which are a large part of play. Here, as among adults, one finds that skills may be

* Compare sex differences in the subject matter of the children's drawings in Chapter 22.

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informant said, "We hear that the soldiers on the coast know how to 586
have intercourse while standing, but we don't understand such things."
Inquiries about fellatio brought negative responses but precipitated the
following folk tale about intercourse through the nostril.

"Long ago men on the Kebola peninsula did not know how to have 539 ●
intercourse with their wives. They did not know that women had 831
vaginas, so they had intercourse with their wives through the nostril. A
man from here had become a slave and was sold to the Kebola people.
The wife of his owner was pregnant from nasal intercourse, and the
husband did not know how the child could be born. He said he would
have to kill his wife, slit open her abdomen, and remove the child. So
the slave said, "All right, I'll do it for you." He went up into the house,
chased all the people away, and took the woman out into the privy,
where she gave birth in normal fashion.

"The slave hid the mother in a large storage basket and gave her the
child to care for. Then he went out and buried a banana stump in a
grave on the edge of the dance place and sacrificed a chicken. The hus-
band asked, "Have you finished burying the dead person?" And the
slave answered, "Yes." He said the child was already there but that the
father could not see it. After three months, when the child could laugh,
the slave took the father up into the house where the mother and the
child were. He said, "Now I shall show you how this is done." Then,
while the father sat there, the slave had intercourse with the woman.
Since then the Kebola people understand how to sleep with their wives,
but there are still some who seek intercourse through the nostril."

Cunnilingus was a definitely shocking idea.* In connection with chil- 833
dren, it was stated that kissing is not known in the area. However,
mouth play involving biting is practiced. Informants report that wrest-
ling and mock fighting is often a preliminary to the sexual act. Night is
considered the proper time for intercourse. Encounters during the day
and outdoors are considered risqué. Women accuse men sometimes of
preferring the latter type of encounter.

Inquiries from various women concerning anal intercourse produced
a rather shocked denial of its existence. Anal birth, however, was re- 844
ferred to quite casually by a few older women but was unknown to
some younger ones. The women who professed to know of such phe-

* Since there is a good deal of prudery about discussing these matters, this in- [115
formation was secured largely from one person, Fantan the Interpreter, after our 124]
relationship had been firmly enough established for me to be reasonably sure he
would answer as honestly as he could. My command of the native language and
opportunities for private conversations with women were not adequate for this
sort of investigation.

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two dances are given in order to illustrate the flavor of Atimelang's poetic fantasy. 538

SPIRIT-BIRD DANCE FOR A DROWNED MAN CALLED LAKAMANI 539

Verse 1. A creditor.

Heloma! Helele! Men of Mobi's family!
Tomorrow at dawn your creditors will ask for long treasure;
They will request large wealth.
Toss your creditors' shields;
Strike their bows.*
Creditors will grasp the wealth and turn away.†

Verse 2. A creditor.

When the earth is at dawn,
When the world is light,
Fani, my chief, ask for large wealth;
Request long treasure.
Your creditors, standing in file,
Will hang the roar of a storm ‡ on their shoulders.

Verse 3. A guest.

The sound of your dance rises; your chorus swells.
The sound of it hangs on me; it droops over me.
I blew the fire to give light.
I came to join the dance.
I stand on the edge of your dance place.
I have stumbled through the dark to come stand with you.

Verse 4. A creditor.

Tomorrow at daylight, when the world is at dawn,
If I see something tasty and good,
If I come upon something sweet and good,§
I shall sit upon the verandah of Latawati ¶
And there pour out tales in your praise.

Verse 5. The debtor-host.

My creditors, you have spoken truly; correct is your tale.
At dawn tomorrow I shall hand you tallies.
I shall set the date of payment.
Go to Latawati ¶

* Pay them well.
† Be satisfied and leave without further dunning.
‡ Gongs and mokos given in payment; this refers to the sound that gongs and drums make when beaten by satisfied creditors.
§ If creditors are well paid.
¶ Name of creditor's lineage house.

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● 539 And when the last tally has been destroyed,
When the last tally leaf has been torn off,
Return to my level dance place.
The hand of illness will be pried open,
The teeth of disease will be pried apart.*
You will not have long to wait.

Verse 8. A creditor.

Creditors are your family tree;
Creditors are your tree branch.
Their faces are not strange; their eyes not different.
Just now when the sun set
I grasped the quail-voiced horn.
I came down to your level dance place
To pry apart the teeth of disease.
Lakamani, that small man,†
Will lead the way;
He will grasp the hand of illness.
He will take it to the bamboo-skirted boundary of the village.
He will leave.

Verse 9. A guest.

Quietly I slept, restfully I sat;
But the sound of your voices rose, your chorus swelled.
This I heard, it opened my eyes.
So I came gladly to join in your rhythmic stamping.

Verse 10. The debtor.

My many dance guests, you have spoken truly; correct is your tale.
The sound of my dance rises; my chorus swells.
You heard it; it prods your ears.
Blow on the fire for light; join the dance.
Make a light and join in.
I shall not scrutinize you,
I shall not question you.‡

Verse 11. A creditor.

Fani, my chief, illness is close to you;
Disease approaches you.
The sun set and you ordered your creditors to come.
They grasped the quail-voiced horn

* The function of this dance is to protect the debtor from the illness caused by his dead kinsman's ghost. When a payment has been made, the ghost is appeased.
† The deceased for whom the payments are being made. He is called "small" to indicate that he need not be feared.
‡ Greet his guests suspiciously.

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And came down to your level dance place.
Voices gathered, throats chorused
To open the hand of illness,
To pry apart the teeth of disease.
Lakamani, that brass bow,* will guide illness away.
He will grasp its hand and follow a distant ravine.

Verse 12. The debtor-host.

My creditors, you have spoken truly; correct is your tale.
At dawn tomorrow you will see nothing tasty;
Nothing sweet will appear for you.†
I shall give you tallies.
When I set a date, return.
Meanwhile go to Latawati,‡
Sit upon its verandah.
When the last tally leaf has been torn off,
When it has been destroyed,
When the intervening days have passed,
Come back; return to my level home §
To open the hand of illness,
To pry apart the teeth of disease.
This place is devoid of wealth,
There are no treasures in this spot.
But Lakamani, that small man,
Has run ahead to ask for large wealth,
To request long treasure.‖
Your bows will be struck; your shields tossed.**
You shan't sit long.††

Verse 17. A guest.

When the sun like a shrimp bursts on the hill,
Shields will crackle with dryness.
I shall become very sleepy.
I shall take the memory ‡‡ of your dance to my house.
Because of you I shall eat heartily.§§

* Meaning is obscure; probably means strong and valuable.
† He does not plan to pay them when the dance ends at dawn.
‡ Name of the creditor's lineage house.
§ Literally, "placenta," a figure of speech for dance place.
‖ The dead are expected to precede the living kin when they set out to collect debts and to dispose the debtor toward generous payments.
** Creditors will be well paid.
†† The payment will be so large as to be immediately satisfactory and require no dunning on the part of the creditors.
‡‡ Literally, remnant.
§§ Refers to the morning meal after an all-night dance.

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● 539 *Verse 18.* A creditor.

When the earth is at dawn, when the world is light,
Fani, my chief, I shall see something very tasty;
Something sweet will appear for me.
You will scratch for wealth,
You will scrabble for treasure.
Place tallies in my hand,
Give me the promised day.
I shall return to my Latawati house;
I shall sit on its verandah.
When the promised number of days have elapsed
And are passed, when the tallies have been torn off,
I shall come back down to the level dance place of Fani, my chief.
The wealth for which you scratched,
The treasure for which you scrabbled,
The wealth for which you dunned,
The treasure for which you asked,
Your creditors will gather together and carry away.

DANCE FOR VILLAGE GUARDIAN SPIRIT

Verse 1. A host.

Heloma! Helele! The Village Person, the Community's Owner
Was seized today by a Kamang arrow.*
As far as the foot of the slope it held your eye and your hand.
Through good years and bad years I shall feed and bathe you.†

Verse 2. A host.

Oh! Village Person! Our ancestors and our forebears,
Who were accustomed to beat drums and hang gongs
There in the village, the level village, are no more.
Today I thrust the Kamang arrow into the former dance place.
I waved it before your eyes.
So come up from Kamang
Descend from Manikameng
Come from Likuwatang
Descend from Watalieng
Here to the level land of Atimelang.
We are as numerous as grains of sand.

* A seer from Kamang had been in charge of snaring the village guardian spirit.
† The host promises annual sacrifices to the spirit. The term "feed and bathe" is that usually employed for children.

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Good years and bad years also,
I shall feed you. Each year it will be thus.

Verse 3. A host.

Just now as the sun set, all gathered in your honor.
They brought a goat with horns downy as nettle fuzz;
They brought a pennant and they brought wealth
To prod your ears, to catch your eye.
In return, drive wealth toward our tumukun,*
Chase it in his direction.
Each year you will be fed and bathed.

Verse 4. A guest.

Heloma! Helele! Village Person!
Formerly people were good and rich,
But even in the past it has been told us
Only one piglet sufficed to summon the Spirit;
So come now to us from wherever you are,
Run here to us.
Protect the food crops.
Divide them among the chief's and the tumukun's hundred kinsmen.
Feed each hand every year.

Verse 5. A guest.

Drowsily I narrate, sleepily I talk.
May it catch the Village Person's eye.
May it prod his ear.
May corn of all sorts encircle the bamboo-skirted boundary of the village.
White drooping rice-heads follow other villages.
Village Guardian, run to meet it;
Intercept its path; draw it here.
Divide it among all hands of this long Atimelang.

Verse 6. A guest.

The sound of your dance rises; your chorus swells.
The sound of it hangs on me; it droops over me.
Nudge the young men to waken them.
Call the young women to go.
Blow on the fire to give light.
Join the dance;
Make a light and join the dance.

* One of the hosts.

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● 539 *Verse 7.* A host.

We divined with areca nuts
And the lot fell on the Village Spirit.
To the Village Person it pointed.
We took a goat with horns downy as nettle fuzz,
We summon him with the goat,
That he may guard us and be well-disposed toward us.

Verse 8. The seer who officiated.

I was wandering on the coast when your tumukun ordered me,
When he commanded me
To come up here to level Atimelang.
Your Village Guardian hung upside down.*
I took a pronged arrow to hook his incisors.
I tugged him here to set him free upon your new dance place.
He guards your food, so feed your Village Spirit,
Both good years and bad; forget no year.
Pour out the true tale; throw forth your speech.
The Guardian Spirit, this Village Person, had turned his hand from you.
The people of Atimelang were beginning to dwindle.
There were no rice storage baskets.
There were no corn racks.
Only to the Village Guardian, to no other spirit,
Did our divination point.
When the sun set, when it hung low
Our chief took a small pig
To feed and bathe the Guardian.

Verse 9. A host, addressing the Guardian Spirit.

Debtors are numerous, debtors are many.
So follow them persistently; lead the way to them.
Hook wealth with your horn,
Let it pour in like ants or water.
I shall feed and bathe you each year.

Verse 10. A host, addressing the Guardian Spirit.

My kin, the Guardian Spirit, act like a dog;
Like a dog persistently track our many debtors.
Let wealth come sliding in like flowing water.
For the sake of our Tilalawati's ancestral house beam,

* Was neglected and the village had fallen on hard times.

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Oh, Village Guardian, track down those who have been our guests.*
Now in this drowsy fourth quarter of the night
We call upon you; we ask your help
That you may persistently track our many debtors.

Verse 11. A host, addressing the Guardian Spirit.

Listen, Guardian Spirit,
Pursue new wealth and old wealth.
From the market or from the Kamang area
Show it the way here.
Hook it up with your horn.
Let it slide in like flowing water.

SOME FINANCIAL PRESSURES

If compensatory skills are minimal and esthetic outlets seem only to reinforce the premium set on financial success, it may be of some interest to turn once more to some of the institutional details involved in financial manipulations. This will give us an impression of the sort of difficulty involving chicanery and frustrations with which the less successful are incapable of coping and before which they surrender to a greater or lesser degree. In the section on marriage the obstacles of some young men in launching into the system were described. Difficult as a youth's position may sometimes be, it is only a portion of the sum of difficulties he may encounter as a man and of the distrusts and suspicions the system, as a system, is calculated to engender.

It must be evident by now that wealth consists essentially of a series of outstanding credits, not of accumulated property. But no debt is ever paid by one individual to another without a preliminary dunning, except in the case of general payoff feasts. However, to give a feast a man must work at dunning for months ahead of time to be assured of enough tangible wealth from his debtors to provide a satisfactory payoff for his creditors who crowd to the feast. The game played at such ceremonial payoffs is to force as much as possible out of the host, while he in turn has been trying to force as much as possible from his debtors. He uses a variety of magic wealth-bringing devices that range from building a new shed for his wealth-bringing spirits and placating them with food, to beating gongs and mokos morning and evening in order to draw in more gongs and mokos. The strain of debt collecting is nicely illustrated by the words used, which mean to draw (*filia*) and to tug (*bogik*), terms also applied to heavy loads, such as house posts.

* Who have accepted gifts, that they may repay them.

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754 body and urinates on him. Thereafter the witch is able to eat out his victim's liver at leisure. Abdominal pains after contact with people in areas known for their witchcraft always suggest the possibility of having been victimized.

Witches also have the power of transforming themselves into civet cats and streaks of light which are seen at night. They can detach their heads and send them rolling about after dark. They eat small children and seem to be associated with cannibalism. At least one informant said, [266] "They used to be the people who ate human beings." Cannibalism is an abhorrent and frightening idea in Alor. Witches also have a predilection [325] for snails—one of the animals, along with snakes and walking sticks (insect), that produce shudders of repulsion in the natives. The term used for witch is *palus berka*. *Palus* is the name of a small and harmless green snake; *berka* means bad or potent.

The only data I could procure about witches was in terms of gossip and rumors, some of which were recent and circumstantial. For example, a man who had died shortly after marrying a woman from Kewai was supposed to be the victim of her witchcraft. Malelaka even professed to have seen a witch once when he went to Kewai to visit his brother-in-law's uncle. As he skirted a bluff above the village spring, he saw the body of a girl leaning against the slope. The head and right arm were detached from the trunk and were floating about separately, looking for snails. Malelaka said that he reported this to his host and that the latter put a special medicine into the spring which would turn a witch into a normal person and protect normal people from witchcraft. A condensed witchcraft tale will probably give most adequately the flavor of local beliefs on the subject.

Tale of Witchcraft

● 539 Seven people from Murawating went to the village of Faliefa. Murawating and Faliefa were really one village, but there was a fence between the houses of the witches and those of the other people. The seven men reached the boundary. Atapada said, "If we lay aside our weapons, perhaps the people will not plot to kill us." Six of them laid aside their weapons, but Lanata kept his with him.

A young witchwoman came to Lanata, took his weapons, and placed them in her house. That evening she asked him to enter. Lanata was angry, but his six friends said, "Lanata, go up. We speak ineptly, so you go." Lanata entered the house, ate the food the woman had prepared, and slept with her that night. In the middle of the night the

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woman stepped over Lanata and urinated on him, thereby bewitching him. 539

The next day Lanata's six friends called him. He wished to accompany them, but the woman persuaded him to continue living with her in the village.

In five days the woman suggested that Lanata go pig hunting with his brothers-in-law. Lanata shot an animal which the dogs were pursuing and which proved to be a snake. This happened twice. His brothers-in-law wished to eat the snake, but Lanata refused and instead provided himself with crabs and crayfish from the ravine. The next day he returned to the village with only the remnants of his crabs, whereas his brothers-in-law brought in the snake meat. His wife cooked the meat, but Lanata refused to touch it, saying, "You eat what I should eat. You substitute for my mouth."

After a time the woman was pregnant. She and Lanata set out for his village of Murawating. On the way she turned into a bat and flew to his village while he walked. While they lived in Murawating, a child from Kewai entered their garden. The child saw a green snake sleeping on top of a tuber which was pushing through the earth. The green snake (witch) ate the child's liver, and the child died. The men of Kewai were angry. They encircled Lanata's house and set it afire. Lanata's wife turned into a bat and flew away. Lanata was shot as he tried to escape. As he lay dying his hand closed on Alurkowani's testicles so firmly that it had to be pried open. After that Lanata's soul possessed Alurkowani, and witches multiplied in Kewai so that now all the people there are witches.

The improbability of anecdotes about witchcraft makes me feel that we are dealing here with a complete fantasy structure. The beliefs are couched in terms similar to those used in near-by culture areas. In such clusters of ideas, peoples from other regions have invested a great deal of psychic energy. It is noteworthy that this is not the case in Atimelang, where neither witchcraft, sorcery, nor poisoning bulks large, either as an institution or a preoccupation. 754 [154 171]

Only two deaths of which I knew gave rise to definite gossip of poisoning. It was, however, very cautiously discussed in undertones and only among friends. It is possible that more such rumors circulated but never reached my ears. However, one man who had not been feeling well for some time talked quite freely with me about the possibility of having been poisoned on a trip to the coast, where he chewed arecs with a stranger. It was very difficult to get any concrete data even from [761 52]

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159 262 young corn (*maningata-eteata*), sugar cane, mangoes, or cucumbers. This taboo lasts for three months, and in the fourth month I eat them again. Before eating them I feed my kuya hearth and place on it leaves of all these foods. After that I may eat. My father and older brother died about eighteen years ago, and ever since then I have kept this taboo. The kuya hearth is so called because I keep these food taboos
159 241 [776] before the Kuya feast. In this feast fire is thrown at a tree, and good crops for the coming year are requested. The kuya are spirits of all kinds of foods. They come from Pinangkai [literally, "field head" or "top of the world," to the southeast in Batulolong]. These *spirits stay* in the sky. Mine are Kuyawa, Takatahafiki-Nalongtaiy, Tingtina-Fanfana, and Karilak-Kamaro. When I feed the kuya hearth I say, "Kuyawa, [782] Takatahafiki-Nalongtaiy, Tingtina-Fanfana, Karilak-Kamaro, now let [539] me eat my corn, cucumbers, squash, and mangoes and not be sick. May my thighs and my shoulders be strong. May I go running over large level places and long slopes and go straight through without stopping until sweat comes." [The rainy season is considered the season of illness. [821 This sacrifice and supplication is made at the end of the rainy season so 758] that the soreness and stiffness may pass.]

159 [124] [At this point I tried to get him away from ethnography into personal anecdotes.] When I was still a child, a friend of mine, also called Mangma, asked me to come to his garden and help him build a house. When it was finished I asked him to come to the house I had built in my garden and roast corn. My house was made of slender bamboo. The thatched roof had collapsed, but we hunted rats, roasted corn, and ate there anyhow. At the new corn feast my friend Mangma invited me to come to fetch corn from his garden. The next day his mother cooked it for us. Then we went to my house to eat rats and corn. We said, "Now we can't play for a while, but when the corn work is finished, when it has been gathered and tied into bundles, we can play again." [Question.] This friend is dead now; he died after he married. When we grew up and married we didn't play together any more. We were no longer friends [in the sense of companions]. This friend, Mangma, was also from Karieta.

[How his mother died?] My mother's body swelled up and she died. That was about seventeen years ago. It was the year after my father and brother both died. They all died because we didn't give our Bayorka feast [part of the Tila death feast for ancestors] rapidly enough. We built the altar and didn't feed it. Then the village of Karieta burned down. We built another bayorka altar but didn't feed it. Then these three people died. I was married at the time.